THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

"They that go down to the sea in ships" to-day have the same winds and rocks to face as did the Roman leaders on their gilded triremes, or Norse adventurers in their hide-covered boats, but they have more people and more appliances to help them in braving these dangers. There are lighthouses set along our cost lines on the principal headlands or on dangerous shoals, to warn the mariner and direct his course by lights, that burn steadily or flash at regular intervals. There are floating buoys, painted in divers fashions, to mark treacherous channels by day, and whistling or bell buoys to signal by day and night, while foghorns and sirens, that can sometimes be heard twenty miles, shriek persistently every minute during thick weather. These are the warning influences. But better than these is the great Life-Saving Service, composed of vigilant, daring men, who patrol almost the entire coast of the United States day and night, year in and out, to aid vessels in distress.

In fair weather and in foul these men, with lion hearts and muscles of steel, patrol the rocky ledges or shifting sand dunes of the country's coast line, with eyes ever alert for signals of distress. There are occasional needs of their services on fair days, but it is when the fall and winter storms harass the coast and the sea turns into a great savage creature, eager for prey, that the real work begins. The patrol in some icy gale may be suddenly aware of a helpless schooner being driven out of her course in the teeth of a sixty-mile wind, straight on the rocks, where she will surely be beaten to pieces. He quickly fires a Coston signal, to warn her off the rocks or to promise her aid, as quickly notifies his station, and then the work of heroes begins. Clad in oilskins, that are little proof against a January gale, the keeper of the station and his men run the lifeboat down to the beach, take out the Lyle gun or mortar, ready to fire a line across the helpless vessel, and bring off her passengers and crew either in a breeches buoy or life car. Should the line fail, the rescue must be made by the lifeboat, driven by sturdy arms through heavy seas.

The tales of heroism that may be told of such rescues are among the finest in the world. Each year there is printed a modest little black book, the report of the United States Life-Saving Service, which is a branch of the Treasury Department. It is a business-like volume in which is tersely set forth the work of the various districts and their stations. Yet in the two dozen volumes that hold the reports of the service there are more deeds of heroism related than in any other like number of books in existence. The men who enlist do so with the knowledge that it is not to go against man or the war implements that man has made, as does the recruit for the army, but to contend with the primitive elements of nature that for unnumbered centuries have defeated man and have made sport of his inventions. It is for war against the sea, the wind, and the fog, for a crusade against chance, and for the rescue of total strangers, mayhap of an alien race.

It was a great tragedy that precipitated the government's organization of the life-saving service. Massachusetts had already led the rest of the world—except China—in this work, beginning in the year 1786, when in the famous Bunch of Grapes tavern the blind physician, Noyes, called a meeting and organized the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. They built huts along the coast that year for the shelter of shipwrecked folks who might come ashore, and in 1807 built lifeboats that were first in service at Cohasset. In 1837 the bark Mexico, loaded with immigrants, went ashore on Long Island in a winter gale, and though a fishing boat brought off eight, the others could not be reached, and 115 persons froze to death on deck in full sight of the fires that helpless would-be rescuers had lighted on shore. The recital of this great tragedy by a New Jersey Representative in 1848 secured an appropriation for lifeboats on the Jersey coast and awakened public interest that afterward crystallized in the Life-Saving Service.

The United States has been divided into thirteen districts for convenience. The first five, with 130 stations, are along the New England States, and as far south as Maryland. The Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth, with sixty-two stations, are scattered along the southeastern coast. The Ninth district, with eight stations, is on the Gulf Coast. The Tenth includes the eleven stations on Lakes Erie and Ontario and the one river station at Louisville. Districts 11 and 12 have forty-nine stations on the other three Great Lakes, and the Thirteenth lies along the Pacific coast, with seventeen stations. There are 278 stations in all. Last year the men of these stations reported 848 disasters, in which forty-nine of the vessels were total wrecks. They saved 5,320 persons, and, through no ufalt of their own, witnessed the loss of twenty-nine. They saved property to the value of $15,000,000, and saw only $2,000,000 destroyed. In the whole period of its existence, the Life-Saving Service has rescued 117,000 persons, has saved nearly $200,000,000 worth of property, and reported 16,500 disasters.

The greatest fortitude has been exhibited by these life-savers. There is the story of the rescue of the crew of a British schooner by the men of Coskata Station, Nantucket Island. It was twenty-six hours from the time they began the work until they brought in the crew of the wrecked vessel, and they had worked the entire time without rest and in a driving storm, with the thermometer 20 degrees below zero. Medals were awarded these men, but they came too late for one, who contracted consumption and died soon after, the bit of silver being given the mother of the hero. There is the story of Jerome G. Kiah, of Point aux Barques Station, Mich., who was the sole survivor of a sturdy crew that put out in a lifeboat to try and reach a wreck, and of the volunteer crew of the Northwest University, whose Thanksgiving game one November was a fight with the elements of ice and wind on Lake Michigan. They dragged their boats twelve miles, and made three trips to bring off the crew from a sinking steamer.

There is the story of Capt. Joshua James, of Hull, Mass., who, with two crews, in twenty-four hours saved twenty-eight lives from four vessels; of Edith Morgan, the young girl of Hamlin, Mich., who joined the life-savers in a three-mile row, and stood waist deep in snow and ice for six hours afterward, helping with the life line, and of two Indian boys of the Quinaielt Agency, Washington, who swam with a life line to a wrecked vessel. There is the story of the glorious work done by the men of Point au Bec Scios, Lake Michigan. A steamer was going to pieces ten miles from the station. People gathered on the shore, and with driftwood built against a bank the giant sign, "Lifeboat coming." A man on horseback pushed over the hills and through the woods to the station, hitched his weary horse to the car, and harnessed himself in with the men to hurry the apparatus back to the vessel. Other horses met them on the way; men gathered with axes to clear the forest trail, and after a detour of many miles the car was drawn by hand up a steep hill and lowered down a bluff that crumbled away at every touch. From such a point the breeches buoy was worked and the crew saved.

There is the story of that daring run made by the crew of the Ship Canal Station to Marquette, 110 miles away, part of the way by a special train, which arrived coated with ice; part of the way by tug, and part of the way by horse-power, all in four hours in the teeth of a storm. They came at the call of the citizens, who had exploded the only old cannon in that region in an effort to send out a line to a stranded vessel. The crew saved the people from two steam barges that had gone ashore, and went calmly back to their station as if it were an every-day occurrence. There is the story if the work of the Louisville Station when the James D. Parker decided to go over the falls during high water. The vessel, with 105 souls on board, struck on a rock just below the falls, and had hardly felt the impact before the boats of the life-savers were at her side, they having promptly followed over the falls. They saved all on board in an incredibly short time.

Sometimes the fight proves discouraging. In one great October gale, when the wind rose from fifty to eighty miles an hour in a short while, a schooner beat to pieces in forty minutes on the North Carolina coast, and only one of the crew was washed ashore. The patrol overlooked the accident because no light showed on the ship, and the roar of the storm was too great for him to hear. A Cape Cod crew was forced to see a crew of six drowned on a schooner once while they were bending their energies to save the men of two others that were going to pieces at the same time. On occasions like this, these strong men of lion hearts have been known to weep like children over the futility of their efforts.

The merit system has done much to elevate the already noble calling. Medals have been given to the keepers and to their men for acts of signal bravery, and in two instances the gold medal, the highest award in the service, has been conferred on women—Ida Lewis, of lighthouse fame, and Mrs. Martha White, of Copalis, Wash., who, unaided, saved three men when a vessel went down off the coast, and who patrolled the beach near her home in every storm for years to look for signs of distress. There are no pensions for the men of this service when they have worn out their health and strength in protecting or saving others, so recruits are not as ready as for the army or navy. However, the men do not remember this when a storm-driven vessel is beating to piecees near their station. At such a time they hold that life of little value which cannot be laid down for the salvation of others.

To-morrow—About Notable Americans.

DUCK BRIGGS' SLOWNESS.

BY LULU JOHNSTON.

Sally loitered along looking into the shop windows. All the hot day she had bent over the clacking machine until eyes and back and head alike ached from the noise and strain. The other girls had hurried from the shop when the gong had struck. Some of them had engagements for trolley rides for the evening, and were in a hurry to be dressed and off. Others made haste to reach home for supper. Sally had neither of these reasons for haste. Her thin, white face did not attract the few men she knew—they never invited her anywhere, and the streets were at least cooler than the stuffy little room that she called home.

She knew that presently she must make her coffee and fry her single chop over the tiny oil stove that filled the room with the reeking odor of oil, but by walking slowly she delayed that time as long as possible.

She gave a little gasp as she came before the installment bazaar windows. Instead of the rolls of wall paper and carpets, the "nobby" parlor sets and iron bedsteads, the four big windows of the store were gotten up to represent the four rooms of a flat, a card in each window stating the cost of the equipment to be $10 down and $5 a month for an unspecified time.

Sally passed from the plush elegance of the parlor to the simplicity of the bedroom and the cozy dining-room with a real sideboard, but it was against the glass inclosing the kitchen that she flattened her pudgy nose the longest.

The domestic instinct was strong within her, and this array of gleaming pots and pans, the glitter of the cheap china and the plated knives and forks fascinated her. If she only had a kitchen like that instead of the one-burner oil stove on the soap box at the foot of her narrow cot! She drew her breath sharply and exhaled it in a long sigh.

"Nice, ain't it?" Sally looked up in alarm, but there was nothing in the appearance of the man at her side to cause alarm. His twinkling eyes were frank and honest and not a line of his ruddy, freckled face was sinister. That he was no "masher" could be seen at a glance, and Sally smiled an assent to his question.

"I bet a girl who knew how to cook could get fine dinners in a kitchen like that," he said—a shade of wistfulness in his hearty voice. "If I knew one, by jinks, I'd buy that."

"Huh!" Sally's voice was scornful. She could understand why none of the men at the shop asked her out to trolley rides and things, but for this great, strong fellow to admit his inability to find a sweetheart was absurd.

"It ain't so easy," declared the other hotly. "I ain't much with girls. They like fellows better what can dance and say fool things. I ain't never learned either."

"Then you ought to begin now," sniffed Sally, as she moved away. The man made as though he would follow, but the broad shoulders hunched together despondently, and he returned to his inspection of the kitchen.

But now he could also see the mistress of the apartment, a slender wisp of a girl; the sort of woman a man wants to take in his arms and cuddle. To him Sally's wan face was beautiful, her thinness elegance. Buck Briggs had met his fate.

The next evening Sally, coming slowly down the street, found him in front of the window again, and passed on with only the faintest glance of longing at the shining kitchen. If he had any idea that she remembered him he should see that he was mistaken. Buck looked disappointed, but he followed on to the dreary pile that Sally called her home.

She did not see him, as, with lagging feet, she ascended the high stoop and climbed the five flights that led to her attic room, but Buck crossed quickly to the opposite side of the street and rang the bell, for his eyes had caught the sign announcing that furnished rooms were to be had, and that night he slept under the same roof.

He was on the steps the following night when Sally came along, pretending a tremendous interest in the scene before him. He nodded as the girl came up the steps, and pulled off his cloth cap.

"Say, d'you want to ride out to the park after you eat your supper?" he asked, bashfully. "I'm livin' here now," he added, as though that constituted a proper introduction.

For a moment Sally hesitated, with the feminine instinct to be hardly won, but the afternoon had been excessively hot, and twice she had dropped over the machine. The foreman had been kept busy with smelling salts and water, for the girls had suffered terribly.

With an easy gesture Buck thrust his hand in his pocket and rattled three nickels and a dime against the quarter and half dollar, but it was not this so much as the thought of her room that decided Sally. With a nod and "I'll be down soon" she hurried up the steep flights.

She munched the bread and smoked sausage she had brought home with her while she hurried about her dressing. There was a clean waist she was saving for Sunday, and a broad crimson ribbon that brought a touch of color to her face. The rest of the transformation was worked in her face through the thought that she was to have an escort.

Buck blinked as she came through the grim doorway. His startled, "You're all right, sis," was uncouth enough; but it was the first compliment Sally had ever received, and she smiled radiantly upon her cavalier.

The ride to the park was a trip to fairyland, after the clatter of the machinery and the heat of the operating room. Buck beamed when she declined his offer to find a partner for her to dance with, and they sat listening to the music and watching the dancers while Sally sipped her lemon soda and Buck his beer. Twice he treated her to ice cream when some of the other girls were near, and, under the warming influence of his admiration, Sally's wan face became transformed, and even one of the shipping clerks stopped to speak a few words to her.

Regretfully she turned away when Buck finally suggested that it was time to go, and that they knew how to get there again. She could have stayed there until the lights were put out, but Buck was not minded to let her lose too much sleep, and they caught a car before the crowd was ready to start back to the city.

He gave a signal to the conductor before they reached their corner, and Sally followed him protestingly from the car.

"I know we ain't home yet," he admitted; "but I want to show you somethin'."

He took her arm through his, and led her to the windows of the Installment Bazaar Company.

"Pretty, ain't it?" he asked, in unconscious repetition of their first meeting. "Say, I know a flat that furniture will just fit. I get eighteen per, and I gets it every week. If you're scary, here's the firm I work for. They'll tell you I'm sober and all right. What do you say, little girl? Can't you see yourself in that kitchen gettin' supper ready for me 'long about 6 o'clock?"

"Me?" Sally's voice was awed. "Why, Buck, you ain't known me more'n three days."

"That's enough," he declared. "I know you enough to know you're the girl I want. You said the other night I was slow. I ain't so slow when the right girl comes along. Will you make it a go, dearest? Honest, I love you."

Sally's starved little heart swelled with emotion. Her colorless life had suddenly grown rosy. These two castaways of the city had found each other, and love had followed quickly.

"You ain't slow for a cent," she conceded, admiringly. "Say, Buck, that kitchen's most as lovely as the park."

"Then it's 'yes?'" he demanded, as his breath came quickly.

"Stupid," said Sally, but it sounded like a caress, and Buck understood.

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A DAINTY NIGHT ROBE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Fashion and good taste have decreed that the lingerie of a young girl should be of the simplest description. This, however, does not necessarily imply ugliness, or even absolute plainness, as the pretty nightgown sketched clearly indicates. This dainty model is designed for girls and misses, and realizes the newest and most approved ideas. It has no front fastening, but is slipped on over the head like a jumper. A sleeve cap may be substituted for the puff sleeve if desired. English longcloth is used for making, a simple beading run through with ribbon and finished with a narrow lace edging providing the decoration; but any suitable fabric may be used. For the medium size 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, will be needed. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2642) and size wanted.

A TRIBUTE.

But thou wast born!
So sweet, so pure a flower!
Whose perfume was a power
To each—thy rosebud's smile
Did charm one all the while,
But thou wast born.

But thou art gone!
So dark, so sad—life's dreary
Without thy love. I'm weary
Of all things here, and yet
Hope is in your sunset.
But thou art gone.

BETH M.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

It seems a pity that the women who are sighing for a career or who are merely anxious to work for pin money should not have the opportunity to demonstrate their uselessness in the business world and to learn the value of blessings. It is a blessing to have a real home without the responsibility of earning the money to support it.

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It is also a blessing to have time for the niceties of life, for sociability, for reading and recreation, for doing all the things one likes. When it storms home, women need not face disagreeable weather unless they want to go for a walk, with the surety of dry clothing at its finish. The working woman must face all kinds of weather and get along as best she may when she reaches her place of labor. The working woman must limit all pursuits outside her work, because she needs sleep and rest for the next day and the next. She cannot even coddle herself through small ailments, for serious illness is the only kind tolerated by the average employer.

* * * *

I believe in work, mind you, but I am no extremist. The woman who has somebody to take care of her and who possesses no marked ability stands no good chance in the workaday world with those who are driven by necessity and urged by real ability. She only succeeds in pulling down the standard of wages by setting a low standard of achievement. There is occupation of many kinds lying at one's elbow, and seizing upon it robs nobody. I find few women who are really appreciative of the good fortune fate has sent them.

* * * *

The most successful wage-earners are those who are thoroughly interested in their work. At the hair-dresser's the other day there appeared a remarkably stylish and attractive girl who seems to have found a delightful field, even though it opened up to her by accident. She had a talent for making hats, but lacked the knowledge to turn out a satisfactory finished product. She was ambitious; she apprenticed herself to a fashionable milliner, and put her mind to the task of thoroughly learning the business. In the meantime her employer discovered that the girl was a treasure in more ways than one, and advanced her steadily to the position of hat model.

* * * *

I have seen only a few women who could wear all styles in hats and look pretty. This girl was of the number, so her employer sends her to the hair-dresser, where she learns the latest fashion of hair-dressing and adopts it, with whatever material aids are required, for her own. The employer pays all the bills and gets good interest on her money by selling all the stunning hats she can make and exhibit on her clever model.

* * * *

Original lines of employment are the easiest and best paid. This girl's wages are double those of her harder working companions, and an ex-teacher of languages and mathematics has accepted a flattering offer to return to the post she left at the call of matrimony, even though her husband's protests were deep and loud. She does not know how to teach and does not know how to keep house, so she reasons that the right thing to do is to turn over her home to a competent housekeeper and do the work for which she is fitted. I have seen nobody who blames her save the husband, who lacks the sense of discrimination, and only has a feeling of shame at the bare thought of his wife working outside of home.

* * * *

But if she was doing work which thousands could do quite as well or better, and doing it for pin money she would be roundly censured in many quarters. The old-fashioned idea that home is the proper place for a woman and that the men of the family should see that she stays there, happy and contented, prevails more generally than you think, and only feminine independence drives so many women out into the world to compete with men. It is a matter to be decided in each home, of course, but all far-sighted persons see the necessity for every woman being fitted to earn a living, even if she never tests her equipment. There is too much uncertainty in the future to trust too much to chance.

BETTY BRADEEN.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Library of Congress—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on secular days; from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. on Sundays and on certain holidays.

Public Library—Open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.; Sundays, 2 to 10 p. m.

Executive Mansion—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

United States Capitol—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

United States Treasury—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

State, War and Navy Departments—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. (The original Declaration of Independence is in the Library of the State Department.)

United States Patent Office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

United States Pension Bureau—Open 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

United States Post-office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Washington City Post-office—Open all hours. (The Dead Letter Office is in the city post-office.)

National Botanic Gardens—Open 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Fish Commission—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Army Medical Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).

Smithsonian Institution—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).

Agricultural Department—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Bureau of Engraving and Printing—Open 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.

Washington Monument (555½ feet in height)—Open 8:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Elevator runs from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m.)

Corcoran Gallery of Art—Open 9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. in winter; 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. in summer. Sundays—1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m., excepting in midsummer. Admission free on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays; other days, 25c admission.

Government Printing Office—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Navy Yard—Open 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

Southworth Cottage, 36th st. and Prospect ave.

IN THE SUBURBS.

Zoological Park—Open all day.

Rock Creek Bridge and Park.

Chevy Chase, Kensington, and Chesapeake Beach.

Naval Observatory—Open 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington—Open 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Arlington National Cemetery—Open all day.

United States Soldiers' Home—Open 9 a. m. to sunset.

Cathedral Grounds, Tennallytown road—Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Cabin John Bridge, Catholic University, and Alexandria.

Gamble on Prince's Birthday.

There is only one day in the year on which the inhabitants of Monte Carlo are allowed to gamble at the Casino tables. That day is the Prince of Monaco's birthday.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.